M'KINLEY'S KINDNESS.

A Tribute to His Late Chief from Secretary Long.

In an article in the Century on "Some Personal Characteristics of President McKinley," Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the navy, tells of his late chief's unfailing kindliness.

He was considerate toward everybody. His first thought seemed to be to make all with whom he came in contact or had political or private relation happier and more at ease. As he drove through the street or along the country road, he never failed to recognize a salutation, even if it were only the wistful face of some child or the kindly interest of the wayside laborer. There was no schoolboy or girl who had the happy fortune to be admitted to the cabinet chamber that did not receive from his hand the flower which he was wearing in the lapel of his coat.

How many times I have seen him break from an important task to receive a call from a visiting delegation of teachers or excursionists, and that, too, without the slightest impatience or expression of irritation, which almost any other man would have uttered in conferring the same favor. It was in this spirit that he went among the people of the south, and did more than any other man has donce since the civil war to restore abong them the fraternal spirit. He acted in this no doubt from a wise policy, but he also acted in the genuine spirit of his own generous nature.

In the long railroad journeys which I made with him over the country his latch-string was always out. If his fellow countrymen could not come in, he went out to them, fearless, frank, confiding. "Who would attack me?" he would say. "I haven't an enemy in the world."

He had a fine sense of humor. He remembered incidents and narrated them with effect. Twice a week, on cabinet days, it was a delightful thing to go into the cabinet room at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The president would be standing near the window, looking fresh, with a white waistcoat and a rose in his buttonhole. A few people left over from the morning callers would be lingering for a word, each getting a pleasant one. In due time the cabinet would be left with the president. He would take his seat at the table, but before settling down to business was more than likely to entertain us for 10 or 15 minutes with some story of the war, or some anecdote about public men, or some experience of his old campaigning days.

FLATS IN PARIS.

The Modern Luxuries Just Beginning to Be Installed.

In the new flats being erected all over Paris, says the London Mail, one notes the tribute to luxury in the well-installed bathrooms, the electric lighting, steam heating and other modern improvements which ten years ago even the rich French people dispensed with.

The average "flat" in those days was not even provided with gas; for all heat there were open fireplaces, sometimes filled in by the stifling salamander, while the bathroom did not even exist, even in so small a fashion as a place to put a tub. English people resident in Paris were driven to the expedient of placing their "tubs" in their wardrobes, or the "black closet"—"cabinet noir"—which is usually found in old and new apartments, why or for what purpose no one knows, and forced into taking their morning tub by lamplight, if not in the total darkness of the "cabinet noir." To-day all this is changed. In the new flats one is no longer obliged to pant up four or five flights of stairs—the charming people seem to prefer the top floors—comfortable elevators convey one, if not rapidly at least safely, to one's destination. The flats are well heated, admirably lighted with electricity, and the bathrooms are as well appointed as one could desire. Luxury has even invaded the kitchens. The walls are varnished with enamel paint, the floors well tiled, the whole better lighted and aired, and a gas cooking stove, small but convenient, universally found, as well as the modern range.

Foreign Colonies in Washington.

The official residence of an ambassador or minister accredited to Washington is foreign territory, technically, if rented; but actually, if owned by its government. Our laws have no hold upon diplomats or their attaches detailed here. Their abodes enjoy immunity from our legal processes. Seven foreign countries own their embassies or legations in Washington. The land upon which they are built is exempt from taxation.—Ladies' Home Journal.

JOKE ON THE BROKER.

Horseplay of Dignified Members of a Board of Trade.

Brokers of the Milwaukee chamber of commerce are the greatest practical jokers in the city, says the Sentinel. The pranks they play on the innocent and gullible ones, the "gags" they invent and the horse play that is carried on almost daily in and out of the pit relieves the tense strain of the brokers' lives and drives dull care away.

The other day the joke was on Julius Karger of Karger Brothers. Saturday evening Mr. Karger went to the theater and after the performance stood on the street corner for some time waiting for a car. None came for ten minutes, owing to trouble on the line, and he started to walk home. At Twelfth street and Grand avenue one overtook him and he got aboard.

In one of the afternoon papers Monday was a violent attack on the street car company signed by Mr. Karger. He told at length of the trials and tribulations he experienced Saturday. Just as soon as the brokers saw the open letter they knew he was their "fruit." So Tuesday afternoon one of them went to the 'phone of the exchange in plain view of 200 members and called up Mr. Karger. Near by Mr. Karger could have been seen at his 'phone.

"Is this Mr. Karger?" said the jocose broker.

"Yes, it is," replied the aggrieved one.

"I am John L. Beggs," said the broker. "I saw your open letter in the paper and I want to know about that affair. I tell you, between man and man, the street car company can't let a prominent man like you suffer inconvenience. I would like to know all the facts."

In the meantime 200 or 300 brokers listened and "laughed inwardly."

At the other end of the line Mr. Karger said some very plain truths to the supposed Mr. Beggs. He told him of the shortcomings of the line. "It was ten minutes I had to wait on Saturday night," said he. "I had been to the theater and I—"

"I cannot tell you how sorry we are," was the reply. "I am sure that when the directors of the company hear of the sad affair an investigation will be made. In the meantime we shall esteem it a great favor if you will accept from the street car company free transportation for the remainder of the year. Of course there must be no more letters to the papers written. Please call or send for the transportation to-day."

The supposed Mr. Beggs rang off and Mr. Karger stalked from his office to the floor of the chamber like a pouter pigeon, and the fierce yell of joy and delight that greeted him still rings in his ears. He was enlightened forthwith.

Mr. Karger is still doing the inevitable "honors" which follow such experiences.

WANTED OZONE.

Brought a Quart Bottle and a Nickel for the Same.

A woman rushed into a Harlem drug store the other day. In one hand she carried an empty quart bottle and in the other she tightly grasped a five-cent piece.

"Let me have five cents' worth of ozone at once," she said to the druggist.

"What did you say, madam?" the druggist asked.

"Some ozone."

"Why, madam, there's ozone in your bottle now."

"Sir, I do not want to be insulted," replied the young woman, indignantly. "I know what the doctor told me to get, and if you don't keep it let me know. Have you got any ozone or not?"

"Well',' said the druggist very deliberately, "'ozone' is an element in the air we breathe, and unless the air in your bottle has become contaminated it has about as high a percentage of it as any I have in the store. I would suggest that possibly your physician meant that you should get some benzoin."

"Oh, yes," hastily replied the woman, "that's it. I knew it was something like ozone."

She took the five cents' worth of benzoin, which was almost lost sight of of on account of the ozone which still remained in the quart bottle.—N. Y. Times.

Blenheim Palace.

Blenheim palace was built by the British nation for the great duke of Marlborough, at a cost of £500,000, in the days of Queen Anne. In the grounds are a triumphal arch and a column 130 feet high, with a statue of Marlborough on the top. The magnificent park surrounding the palace comprises 2,700 acres and has a circuit of 12 miles.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

The first thing a wise man learns is to dodge an interrogation point.—Chicago Daily News.

Mamma—"What's the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?" Willie—"Naw!" "Why? Didn't you get enough to eat?" "Yes; but I didn't get too much."—Philadelphia Record.

A Connector—Teacher—"Now, I told you yesterday that a 'conjunction' is something that connects. Johnnie, you may give me an example of a conjunction." Johnnie—"A couplin' pin, ma'am."—Ohio State Journal.

Ownership.—"I'm nobody's fool. I'd have you know, Miss Northside," said young Mr. Fitzgoober. "Indeed!" replied Miss Northside; "that's odd! Everybody says you belong to Miss Spiffins."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Difficulty Obviated.—Mr. T. Totaler—"My dear, I do not think it is very appropriate for you to wear that wine-colored silk to the W. C. T. U. convention." Mrs. T. Totaler—"Oh, but it is watered silk, you know."—Baltimore American.

The manager of a factory employing girls gives each one who arrives on time to the minute a stick of chewing gum. He says it costs him very little and that he finds the girls talk less while chewing gum and that it improves their teeth.—Indianapolis News.

Pure Accident.—Flanagan—"Hivins! man, phwat's the matther wid yer face?" Hanagan—"Faith, 'twas an accident. Th' ould woman throwed a plate at me." Flanagan—"An' d'ye call that an accident?" Hanagan—"Av coorse! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?"—Philadelphia Press.

"My dear," said the meek Mr. Newliwed, "I don't like to complain, but this omelet you made—" "What's the matter with it?" she inquired. "Well—er—it's rather hard to cut it, and—" "Gracious! I was afraid that man would send me tough eggs. I'll stop dealing with him."—Glasgow Evening Times.

TWO EFFECTS OF CROWDS.

Moving Life of a Big City Both Exhilarates and Depresses.

"What I like about New York," remarked a westerner, to a New York Times writer, "is its tremendous energy. The crowds and bustle have upon me the exhilarating effect of a stimulant. As I move along among the masses on the sidewalks, and look upon the perpetual stream of vehicles of all descriptions in the streets, I am conscious of a buoyancy of spirit and an increased physical energy.

"I feel like going all the time, my mind is brighter and clearer, and, in fact, my whole being seems toned up. New York and its crowds are more beneficial to me than any resort I have ever struck. After a two weeks' stay here, I return home feeling like another man."

"Well, that is strange," said the person to whom this statement was made. "Do you know, New York has upon me just exactly the opposite effect. To me, what I might term the surplusage of life here is depressing. I am by no means fond of solitude. I have lived in a moderate sized city all my life, and it bores me to stay in the country for any great length of time, but when I come to New York and am caught in the tides of humanity, see the overcrowded tenements, and have my ears assaulted with the perpetual din of the streets, I become positively melancholy.

"I feel what an insignificant atom I am, after all—no more than a drop of water in a great river—and the feeling oppresses me. It seems so like there was nobody here who cared what became of anybody. The only relief I find from the feeling is in the theaters. I go to a show every night while I am here, and, of course, I enjoy that immensely. But as soon as I have made the rounds of the shows I am ready to return home, where I know most everybody and there are many who care."

Australia's Sheep King.

The sheep king of Australia is Samuel McCaughey, an Irishman, who went to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He did not succeed well at first, but started again with a small flock, and from year to year has added to his holdings until now he has more sheep than any other one man in the world. He has more acres of land than sheep, and his possessions are in the best parts of Australia. One of his farms, on the Darling Downs, is 36 miles long and 40 miles wide. Altogether he owns more than 1,000,000 acres and leases about 1,000,000 [illegible]

$100 Reward.

The Good Order Club of Lexington Township will pay $100 reward for the capture of any horse thief who shall be caught and turned over to this club for stealing a horse or mule belonging to any member of this club. 10-19tf